

## THE DIRECTOR.

No. 8. SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1807.

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*Nil æquale homini fuit illi: sæpe velut qui  
Currebat fugiens hostem, persæpe velut qui  
Junonis sacra ferret. Habebat sæpe ducentos  
Sæpe decem servos.*

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*— nil fuit unquam  
Sic impar sibi.*

HORAT. *Satir. lib. i. sat. 3.*

*A most unsettled fellow; he would run  
As if he fled a robber or a dun;  
And straight as in procession gravely go,  
Now with two hundred servants, now with two.  
No man's designs like his so disagree,  
None lives so contrary to himself as he.*

CREECH'S Translation.

IN my rambles through this vast metropolis, I seldom fail to examine the new books and new prints which are so artfully displayed in the shop windows, to captivate the eye, and unloose the strings of the purse. I consider these

things, in general, as harmless baits, thrown out to draw the attention of the thousand human beings who are daily hurrying through the streets: but, like a rigid stoic, or hardened veteran in virtù, they seldom make on my mind any permanent impression.

THE great stream of human life (which I think Dr. Johnson said was at *high tide* near Charing Cross) may nevertheless be sometimes successfully diverted by a green label or a coloured print: those who come to gaze only, may retire to reflect—the ignorant may be instructed; or the vicious, who are hastening to the participation of criminal pleasures, may occasionally receive a check by the delineation of an affecting subject, or by the perusal of an impressive maxim.

It is astonishing upon what a delicate but sure pivot the conscience turns. I recollect the case of a young man, who was anticipating scenes very far from virtuous ones, being suddenly stopped

in his career, by the casual purchase of Richardson's Pamela, and Hogarth's Progress of a Rake. Luckily he had money to buy, and leisure to meditate on, these works; and the next week, which was to have begun in profligacy, commenced with repentance, and ended in virtue.

BUT the mind receives various instructive lessons from these modern paraphernalia of our shop windows. It was but the other day, that, in walking up one of our most fashionable streets (though I beg leave solemnly to assure my readers that I lay no claim to the character of a fashionable man) my attention was attracted by a print, called 'A Beau of 1706 and a Beau of 1806.' Above this inscription, appeared two young men; the one dressed in the flowing peruke, small cocked hat, and rich attire of good Queen Anne's time—the other, in the long pointed cocked hat, cropped hair, and sharp angular dress of the no less excellent King George the Third's time. The artist, I dare say, de-

signed it as a satire upon days of yore; but, in this, it appeared to me that he had been mistaken. There was about the antient Beau a respectability and gentlemanly deportment, wanting in the modern one; who, on the contrary, carried with him an air of flippancy and pertness, not quite consistent with that strong masculine good sense, which ought to be among the brightest ornaments of our species.

ON leaving this picture, (or caricature, if it must be so called) a variety of reflections, to which it had given rise, took strong possession of my mind: and, I thought *the character of a modern Beau* ought to be more justly and generally displayed than it appeared to be in a picture confined only to *dress*. I wished to make known the mind, habits, and pursuits, of this distinguished class of individuals, and, accordingly, composed the following analytical essay—which, in a few succeeding generations, may probably afford some little amusement. The

materials are supplied by the manners of the present times.

THE Beau of 1806-7 (for we have but just entered into the latter year) is that species of human beings which thrives most successfully in the climate of the metropolis. It is true, he occasionally appears to great advantage in the air of Brighton, or Bath; but London is the soil and climate wherein he loves to vegetate and blossom. Here, from the bottom of St. James's Street to the extremity of Bond Street, is fixed the great greenhouse of living plants—of tulips, anemones, ranunculuses and sunflowers—about which fly a thousand butterflies, unfolding their varied hues: and though insects sometimes devour a great number in the *opening bud*, yet is this grand repository always crowded with plants. Neither the parching heat of day, nor the cutting blasts of evening, operate to their diminution.

To drop the metaphor, and to pursue

the subject by a more familiar illustration—I purpose dividing the *modern Beau* into the following classes (though a still greater variety might have been specified). The *literary*, the *political*, the *devout*, the *operatical*, the *theatrical*, the *dashing*, the *jolly*, the *dressy*, the *delightful*, the *aged*.

1. OF the *literary Beau*. This is a gentleman who decides quickly and peremptorily on works of the most scientific, or erudite nature. A discovery of Herschel, or an emendation of Porson, is alike familiar and puerile to him. He has great personal activity, and loves to examine all booksellers' shops. Having made his first principal visit at Hookham's, he sallies to Payne's, to Egerton's, and to White's: his pockets are stuffed with *magazines* and *reviews*, and, as a lover of high-seasoned dishes, he prefers those of the *latter*, in which the Kyan and Tewkesbury mustard predominate.

AFTER storming against sermons, es-

says, and histories, (citing Dr. Johnson's sneer at the Punic war) he sits down contentedly to the 'Flowers of Poetry,' or the 'Festival of Wit;' and rails at modern times, and modern writers, as lustily as did Tom Nash, or Bob Green, in Queen Elizabeth's reign. To the terror of all grave and sensible writers, he sometimes brandishes the *critical* pen; and pounces upon his prey with the ferocity of a vulture—though, in grappling with it, he betrays the impotency of the tom-tit.

GENTLEMEN of this description always write upon a patent mahogany desk, with a Hudson's Bay quill, carefully dipped into a silver inkstand.

2. THE *political Beau* is of a more harmless description; though he is equally vehement and positive with the literary one. He levels his attacks against the operations of the Russians, who do not perhaps quite so much dread his censures, as does the ministry at home,

which he is in the constant habit of abusing. I have known these political Beaus declaim an hour upon the blunders of the Russians, shewing how Buonaparte ought to have been taken prisoner as well as defeated—and, prognosticating another pitched battle, they have laid down such plans of encampments, ambuscades, circumvallations, blind batteries and sorties, as would astonish the little Emperor of the French, who so obstinately adheres to his own plans.

THE abolition of the Slave Trade is sure to meet with the marked disapprobation of the political Beau: he talks aloud of rebellion, emancipation, and false humanity—and, with an air of triumph, asks his neighbour ‘ what rational human being can drink his tea or eat his pudding without sugar?’ The oration usually concludes with a retrospect of domestic news, or home politics: and, in the peroration, it is very common to hear some of the following flourishes—as ‘ Where are your flat-bottomed boats



now?—and, Pray, Sir, what have your frigates and ships of the line been about all this while?' &c. &c.

3. *THE devout Beau* I would designate as the gentleman who goes to church to save appearances, and thereby to obtain the reputation of a loyal, rational sort of a being. He uses his eye-glass more than his prayer-book, and smirks during the sermon, because he would not have it supposed that the preacher's admonitions can affect a man of his refined stamp. He is the first to sally out of church when the service is concluded, because his time is precious, and he is apprehensive the weather may change to rain before he shall have galloped twelve times up and down the park. Gentlemen of this description sometimes begrudge the yearly sum of a guinea for a seat in a pew—though they will cheerfully pay 40 guineas per ann. for a sitting in an opera box.

4. *THE operatical Beau* is constantly

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seen at the King's Theatre, on the evening preceding the Sabbath—but never on a Tuesday, unless Madame Catalani should happen to appear in a new character. He sometimes condescends to pay a visit to the pit; and after uttering one 'Bravo!' at the orchestra railing, returns through the allée, and joins some solitary dowager or enraptured miss in the fifth tier of boxes. When this intellectual treat is over, he retires, agreeably to invitation, to a *snug* supper coterie of *twenty-five*; and, just as the Sabbath dawns, reaches his home and his bed. He is probably prevented sleeping, by the sound of the first church bells, which announce to Christians the solemn duties in which they are shortly to be engaged.

5. THE *theatrical Beau* is seen more frequently behind than within the boxes; and generally prefers the conversation of others, to that of his own party. He can just endure to hear Kemble deliver a soliloquy, or Cooke utter a sarcasm, but

to sit a whole play through, is an effort beyond the strength of his faculties to bear. Few beings are more restless than these theatrical Beaus; and, what may be thought rather strange, if they reach their homes without a quarrel *and its consequences*, they are still more tortured than if they had been patient spectators of the entire play.

6. *THE dashing Beau* is a gentleman who deals in all sorts of carriages, horses, and dogs: to-day he is mounted aloft, to-morrow he is sunk below. It is of no consequence to him whether the vehicle which conveys him be square, or round, or oblong; or whether his companions be grooms or dogs.

‘ He brandishes his pliant length of whip,  
Resounding oft, and never heard in vain;’

and, in a fearless, thoughtless mood, drives from one street to another, turning every corner with due angular precision—and darts through a county, before a sober traveller in his chaise and pair has changed his first horses.

I HAVE often remarked, that young gentlemen of this description are, in general, good-natured, pleasant, facetious sort of human beings; and have as often lamented that such a career, commenced in pure folly, should have terminated in nothing better than the possession of a few guineas for the sale of the last dog and gun—which, a gaming debt, incurred the preceding evening, has instantly swept away! When I see these *dashing Beaus*, skimming, like summer swallows, along life's surface, I only hope that they have neither mothers nor sisters—one can bear to see folly severely chastised, but who can bear to see a heart of sensibility and virtue cut in twain!

7. The *jolly Beau* is a gentleman who frequents taverns and coffee-houses, and is emphatically known as a lover of good eating and drinking. It would astonish a rational man, who is accustomed to dine in a quiet way with his family, at a table illuminated by two good mould candles, to see one of these jolly Beaus

sitting down by himself, at 7 o'clock in the evening, to dinner, barricadoed by four thick wax candles, and hemmed in by a *bottle of each*, fish sauces, and six smoking covers! What a brilliant triumph must that be, where the only spectators are a grinning waiter and a waggish butler! To be sure, there is a consolation in reflecting that *some one* knows how one's money goes.

8. THE *dressy Beau* is a gentleman of measured step, swinging gait, bright boots, trimmed whiskers, and composed features: this is his morning costume. In the evening, he puts on a thinner dress because it is colder; the tip of his handkerchief hangs out of his pocket, and under his arm is preserved, with the same care that a mother protects her infant, a thin, semicircular, elongated, black, beaver ornament, projecting about six inches beyond each side of the profile of the body. This is meant for a *hat*, but is rarely used as such: or, when it assumes its natural character, has an appearance as monstrous and grotesque as

any part of the dress of a gentleman of the Sandwich or Friendly Islands.

THE dressy Beau is an harmless animal; he rarely bites—or, when he does, the bite is not attended with the same pain as is that of the literary or political Beau.

9. THE *delightful Beau* is, of all his tribe, the most difficult to delineate correctly. He laughs, he talks, he plays, he sings delightfully: nothing can be more delightful than his repartees, and his anecdotes give a zest to every fashionable entertainment. Go with him to a play, his critiques are delightful—join with him in a glee, his bass is second only to Bartleman's. Who can speak, declaim, discourse on belles-lettres subjects equal to this delightful creature? He is born for the instruction of posterity: his genius is intuitive: he is a walking library, without ever having perused twenty volumes.

10. THE *old Beau*. We come now to the tenth and last class, into which the

modern Beau has been divided. This gentleman is instantly recognised as well by his faded looks, as by his dirty finery, and affected sprightliness. The aged Beau is the most incorrigible of his species : he has become old in crime, and infirm from debauchery. Tottering from one rendezvous to another, he makes an effort (like the sun gleaming through the purple clouds of evening—though the simile is much too good for him) to shine with his wonted splendour, and congratulates himself that he still succeeds. He enters into all the wild schemes of youth, but executes them with the indecision of age: he meets with contempt, where he expected applause. His heart, however, still beats at the call of pleasure—his pulse still flutters at the prospect of some novel gratification—but he dies ere it be realised—he is stretched in his grave, ere his morrow of happiness arrive! No sculptured bible decorates his tomb; no flattering epitaph—not even a stone marks where his ashes rest.

Alive ridiculous, and dead forgot!

## ON

## THE STRUCTURE OF OUR THEATRES.

*To the Director.*

SIR,

IN the first short series of observations which I took the liberty of addressing to you, on the internal structure of our theatres, I merely considered some of the defects prevailing in the *form of the house*, or of that part destined to receive the audience. I shall now proceed to consider some of the defects prevailing in the mode in which *the house is connected with the stage*, or that part intended to exhibit the performance.

EVEN the smallest picture, basso-relievo, or other production of the imitative arts, when situated in a frame which insulates it from more distant surrounding objects, and which affords an interval of



repose between its own immediate boundary and these objects, strikes the eye more distinctly and more forcibly—displays greater effect, and produces stronger illusion.

Now, if the entirely motionless and entirely imitative productions of the chisel or the pencil, require the assistance of a frame to insulate them from more distant surrounding objects, and to prevent them from being confounded with these objects—how much more must the mixture of partly motionless and partly moving exhibitions—of partly imitative and partly real beings, which together form the large picture on the stage—require the relief of such a frame? Without its intervention to mark their respective limits, the painting of the scenes must confound itself with the architecture of the house; the business of the stage, with the bustle of the audience: the sight must be distracted, the theatrical effect diminished, the splendour and the dig-

nity of the performance in a great measure destroyed.

To obviate the danger of these drawbacks on the beauty of the spectacle, most of the antient stages were surrounded by a frame—for such in fact was that intermediate body of architecture which, under the name of *proscenium*, without disagreeing either with the decoration of the house or with that of the stage, was nevertheless somewhat different from both, and more marked than either.

AN imitation of the antient *proscenium* adorns most of the finest modern theatres on the Continent.

Nor so in England. At the opera, where the eye ought to have been more consulted than in any other theatre, because many of its exhibitions, such as ballets, are intended solely for the gratification of the eye—so far from there ex-

isting any marked proscenium, there is not even sufficient room left for so essential a portion of theatrical architecture. Avarice has made the boxes encroach on the space allotted for the performance, to such a preposterous degree, as to cause them to occupy more room on the stage, than the scenery itself; as to prevent that scenery from remaining visible to the greater portion of the side boxes; and finally, as to make a great part of the audience sit, not facing, but behind, the actors—and offering to these a most grotesque, and often, a most distressing back ground.

THE opera however is a mere exotic, whose performances can only, by their paltriness, commit our national taste, in as far as we choose to admire them. Like most other exotics, it should not, in this country, be expected to exhibit any thing beyond a sickly and pining constitution, totally different from the vigor and beauty which it displays in its native climes.

BUT even at those two national play-houses, Drury Lane and Covent Garden, though there be some attempt at a proscenium, this has neither the judicious disposition, nor the august appearance, which that important part of the edifice should display, in order to fulfil its purpose. Instead of completely separating the house from the stage, by presenting a character distinct from either, it only serves to blend the two, by partaking of the character of both. For, very different in its structure from the proscenia abroad, which appear solid masses of architecture, it shews doors underneath, through which the actors go in and out; and over these doors it shews boxes in which sit the spectators. By means of this singular and confused arrangement, this equivocal proscenium, as it were, *dove-tails* the house with the stage, confounds the voices and the jokes of laughing spectators with the speeches and groans of dying actors; peoples Cora's desert; brings, in close contact, the Grecian Matron, and the British belle; and makes the distracted Alicia ap-

pear to come out of a house, whose windows had been filled with company, invited by herself, to behold her friend Shore's distress.

WHEN the stage is thus blended with the house, the scenery with the boxes, and the actors with the audience, most of the effect of the performance on the eye, and much of its impression on the mind, must needs be lost.

THE side doors for the ingress and egress of the dramatic personages, should ever be made to accord with the peculiar costume of the play; and therefore these lateral apertures, should ever, as abroad they invariably are, be introduced in the moveable side scenes themselves. The proscenium should be kept clear of all apertures, either in the shape of doors, or in that of boxes. Independent of the other inconveniencies here mentioned, these apertures swallow up the voice of the actor; and this is one of the chief reasons why, even in smaller play-houses

in England, that voice is often so much less distinctly heard, than in larger theatres abroad—where a proscenium, void of apertures, serves on the contrary as a sounding board, and reflects the voice most effectually.

THE architecture of that part of the theatre which is devoted to the audience, necessarily requires several horizontal divisions in its height. The architecture therefore of the other part, which constitutes the proscenium, should, in order to become more distinct and more grand, have no horizontal divisions whatever between its base and its summit; and while a number of smaller columns, or terms, or caryatides ought to support the cielings of the different tiers of boxes, two columns of large dimensions might be made on each side to support the soffit of this proscenium. How appropriate between these columns would be the statues of Thalia and Melpomene; and, over these statues, medallions of the great dramatic writers, antient and modern, interspersed

with comic and tragic masks, and other emblems of Apollo and of Bacchus, the antient patrons of poetry and of the stage !

I am,

Sir,

Your obedient humble Servant,

A. Z.

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BIBLIOGRAPHIANA.

AGREEABLY to my promise, in the last number of the Director, under the present article, I now proceed to give some very general account of the contents of the

HARLEIAN COLLECTION OF BOOKS.

I SHALL take the liberty of making a different arrangement of the books to what appears in the Harleian catalogue; but shall scrupulously adhere to the num-



ber of departments therein specified. And first of the books in

1. *Divinity.*

IN the Greek, Latin, French, and Italian languages, there were about 2000 theological volumes. Among these the most rare and curious were Bamler's Bible of 1466, beautifully illuminated, in 2 volumes: Schæffer's bible of 1472. The famous Zurich bible of 1543, 'all of which, except a small part done by Theodorus Bibliander, was translated from the Hebrew by a Jew, who styled himself Leo Judæ, or the Lion of Judah. The Greek books were translated by Petrus Cholinus. The New Testament is Erasmus's.' The *Scrutinium Scripturarum* of Rabbi Samuel, Mant. 1475; a book which is said 'to have been concealed by the Jews nearly 200 years: the author of it is supposed to have lived at a period not much later than the destruction of Jerusalem.' The Islandic bible of 1664, 'not to be met with, without the utmost difficulty, and therefore



'a real curiosity.' The works of Hemmerlin, Basil, 1497; 'the author was ranked in the first class of those, whose works were condemned by the church of Rome\*.' The Mozarabic Missal printed at Toledo, in 1500—of which a singular history will be found in the Harleian catalogue referred to in the note below †.

THE foregoing were among the most curious theological books printed in a foreign language.

THE collection of *English* books in Divinity could not have amounted to less

\* This book is enriched with many MS. notes. In the title-page there is a print of the author, and a copy of verses, giving a short and concise account of him. In the catalogue of condemned authors by the church of Rome, he is said to be '*dignus Flammis, Malleo, et Incude*,' which may possibly induce some curious people to peruse him.' Vide Bibl. Harl. vol. iii. No. 1447.

† See vol. iii. No. 1528—said to be 'the scarcest book in the whole Harleian collection.' It was printed at the desire of the famous Cardinal Ximenes; who built a chapel expressly for the purpose of chaunting the service contained in it.

than 2500-volumes. Among the rarest of these, printed in the fifteenth century, was 'The Festyvall, beginning at the fyrst Sonday of Advent, in worship of God and all his Sayntes, &c.' printed at Paris in 1495. There were 10 books printed by Caxton, and some exceedingly curious ones, by Wynkyn de Worde and Pinson.

## 2. *History and Antiquities.*

THERE appear to have been, on the whole, nearly 4000 volumes in this department: of which, some of those relating to Great Britain were inestimable, from the quantity of MS. notes by Sir William Dugdale, Archbishop Parker, Thomas Rawlinson, Thomas Baker, &c. The preceding number includes 600 relating to the history and antiquities of Italy; 500 to those of France\*; 150 to

\* 'This part of the catalogue deserves particular attention, as it contains a larger collection of pieces relating to the history of France, than was perhaps ever exposed to sale in this nation; here being not only the antient chronicles and general histories, but

those of Spain; and about 250 relating to Germany and the united Provinces. Such a body of historical and antiquarian knowledge will perhaps never again be collected by one individual!

3. *Books of Prints, Sculpture and Drawings.*

IN this department, rich beyond description, there could not have been fewer than 20,000 articles, on the smallest computation: of which nearly 2000 were original drawings by the great Italian and Flemish Masters. To give a specimen of the value of the collection, I refer to the note below\* for the description of

the memoirs of particular men, and the genealogies of most of the families illustrious for their antiquity. See Bibl. Harl. vol. iii. p. 159.

\* The works of CALLOT were preserved in 4 large volumes, containing not fewer than *nine hundred and twelve prints*. 'All choice impressions, and making the completest set of his works that are to be seen.' See Bibl. Harl. vol. iii. No. 562.

'HOLLAR's works, consisting of all his pieces, and bound in 12 folio volumes, in morocco. One of the completest and best sets in the world, both as to the number and goodness of the impressions.' Vid. *ibid.* No. 468.

the engravings by Callot and Hollar, and of those after Raphael, Vandyke and others.

#### 4. *Collection of Portraits*\*.

THIS magnificent collection, uniformly bound in 102 large folio volumes, contained a series of heads of illustrious and remarkable characters, to the amount of nearly 10,000 in number. It is said in

‘ One hundred and thirty-three heads of illustrious men and women, after VANDYKE. This set of Vandyke’s heads may be said to be the best and completest that is to be met with any where; there being the 12 heads which he etched himself, as likewise 79 worked off by Martin Vanden Enden: and what adds still to the value of them is, that the greater part of them were collected by the celebrated Marriet at Paris, his name being signed on the back, as warranting them good proofs.’

The engravings from RAPHAEL’S paintings, upwards of 200 in number, and by the best foreign masters, were contained in 4 splendid morocco volumes.

The works of the SADELERS, containing upwards of 959 prints, in 8 large folio volumes, were also in this magnificent collection: and the Albert Durers, Goltziuses, Rembrandts, &c. innumerable!

\* Lord Oxford is said to have begun ‘ the first collection of portraits in England.’ See Nichols’s anecdotes of Bowyer, p. 549.

the catalogue to be 'perhaps the largest collection of heads ever exposed to sale.' We are also informed that it was 'thought proper, for the accommodation of the curious, to separate the volumes.' Thus was the collection dispersed, never again to be united—to the irreparable loss of the learned and ingenious!

*5. Philosophy, Chemistry, Medicine, &c.*

UNDER this head, comprehending anatomy, astronomy, mathematics, and alchemy, there appear to have been not fewer than 2500 volumes in the foreign languages, and about 600 in the English: some of them of the most curious kind, and of the rarest occurrence.

*6. Geography, Chronology, and General History.*

THERE were about 290 volumes on these subjects, written in the Latin, French, Italian and Spanish, languages, and about 300 volumes in our own language. Some of the scarcest books printed by Caxton were among the latter.

7. *Voyages and histories relating to the East and West Indies.*

About 800 volumes:—nearly equally divided into the English and foreign languages. Among the English, were Caxton's 'Recuyell of the historys of Troye,' 1471 (supposed to be the first book printed in this country;) and his 'Siege and conquest of Jherusalem,' 1481.

8. *Civil, Canon, and Statute Law.*

At least 800 volumes: 300 in the foreign languages, and the remaining in English.

9. *Books of Sculpture, Architecture, &c.*

Not fewer than 900 volumes, comprehending every thing published up to that period which was valuable or rare. Of these, more than 700 were written in Latin, Italian, French, or Spanish—and embellished with every beauty of graphic illustration.

[The account of the Harleian Library to be concluded in the next number.]

*Royal Institution.*

IN his *fifth* lecture on the *Chemical Phenomena of Nature*, Mr. Davy considered the mechanical excitation of heat as produced by percussion, friction, and collision. Some experiments were exhibited on the production of heat by the condensation of air, and it was shewn that certain inflammable bodies are capable of being inflamed by it. Some singular facts were stated with regard to the chemical agencies of light. It would appear, from different experiments, that invisible rays exist in the solar beam possessed of chemical powers; but neither of illuminating nor heatmaking agencies.

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*British Gallery.*

Nos. 55, 59, 60, 61, 66. Five pictures exemplifying the effect of good and bad conduct. J. Northcote.

Mr. Northcote has painted this series of pictures in imitation of Hogarth's

‘Idle Apprentice:’ and as far as colouring is concerned, has succeeded in the undertaking. An air of sweetness and simplicity pervades the good servant, of impudence and artifice the bad one.

No. 59. ‘*The good girl in her chamber, at her devotions,*’ is perhaps the best picture of the series. When the pencil is employed on such subjects, the connoisseur readily assents to the sacrifice of the higher departments of the art, in consideration of the extensive good which such representations seldom fail to produce. One immoral character converted, is worth a thousand rapturous exclamations of the knowing!

These pictures have all been engraved.

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